

LOVE'S MEANING.

I thought it meant all glad, ecstatic things. Food, glance and touch and speech, quick blood and brain.

And strong desire and sweet, delicious pain. And Beauty's thrill, and strange bewilderings. Text hope and fear—like to the little things. The rose thorn gives; and then the thorn again. Worth all my worst striving to attain.

Of the dear bliss long sought possession fringes. Now, with a sad, brown night that represses. My often slinking soul, with longing eyes. Averted from the path that still allows. Best, seeing that what was the heart's right sign. I seek my own good at the cost of yours.

I know at last that love means sacrifice. —Charlotte Perry in Chicago Journal.

LADWELL'S LANDING.

It seemed as if for once the malignant spell which had rested upon me for years had been transferred to the one of all other beings that I would have shielded from it, if any sacrifice on my part could have purchased her immunity.

"Had my love caused her?" I asked myself over and over again, wishing, as I had often wished, that my dark and fatal silhouette had never crossed the happy path. How then, must I be cursed, that upon those I loved that curse must also fall?

Tortures of the native region, with which we are supposed to be punished after the law of human destiny has tried of dealing us its stripes, can your misery out-Herod what some of us, when God abandoned, suffer here?

But let me come to the frenzied utterances, for my story must be told.

Those who have never heard of Ladwell's Landing will scarcely be open to the accusation of geographical ignorance. It is a lone western settlement—a frontier point of civilization which a few bold pioneers have established, from the most prominent of whom the name takes its name. Ladwell was the doctor and druggist—the medicine man of the community—and next in point of importance ranked the grocerman, Norris, who was the wealthiest of the two. A few other stores, some residences, a church and a postoffice composed the place, the total population being about a couple of hundred.

A freak of fancy had led me to settle there, and for the sake of a livelihood I dispensed medicines and patched up broken shoes for Ladwell.

It was not the charm of this occupation which kept my restless spirit at Ladwell's Landing, however, but the beauty of Edith Norris, who was the only daughter of the grocerman.

My record, however, was not one which impressed old Norris very favorably, and, although Edith and I had fully satisfied ourselves that we could be satisfied with one another, he set his heel upon the affair in such a determined manner that outwardly it had to terminate.

Ladwell's business had grown to be rather a profitable one, and his success had tempted another young Philadelphia graduate to migrate to the place and put out his shingle.

The young fellow was fine looking and of very good family, with a little money of his own, and, as he made himself popular in the place, a small connection was soon guaranteed him.

It leaked out that a good deal of his success was attributable to the fact that Norris had taken him into his confidence, not long in discovering that the old man had determined, if possible, to make him his son-in-law.

This proved to be correct, and as soon as a new house had been built for the young doctor the forthcoming nuptials were announced.

A disappointment and chagrin awaited me, little, and partly from a spirit of pride I kept aloof from every one as much as possible, leaving things to work themselves out as they might.

It was not until the day of the wedding arrived that I seemed to awake from this comatose condition; then I grew suddenly despondent and realized that the marriage was going to be enacted before my very eyes, for despite her acquaintance in her father's wishes I knew that Edith Norris loved me as she could love no other.

To drown these feelings I turned to the most common antidote, drink.

But instead of calming or benumbing my feelings on this occasion, the spirits only seemed to increase my frenzy, and when the bride party started for the little frame church I was prepared to commit any outrageous act, for I felt that I was going to the place in the rear of the bride party I took my place unmolested among the spectators. The pastor had barely commenced the ceremony when I stepped boldly up to the altar and made a mild protest against the proceedings.

Edith, trembling with fright, seized the arm of her intended husband, who, with a supercilious smile on his face, seemed to view my interference with the utmost indifference. This ironical indifference infuriated me. Already several of the men present were ready to forcibly eject me from the place at the instigation of Norris.

In an instant my two hands held two revolvers, and I had ordered all hands down.

At this instant Edith fell fainting in one of the bystanders' arms, and I replaced my pistols and walked out of the place.

An hour afterward I learned that I had murdered the woman I loved. What had been mistaken for a mere fainting fit proved to have been paralysis of the heart.

Sundry threats of vengeance reached my ears, but as I was cautious to them, I suppose, nothing happened.

Three days afterward Edith was laid away in the quiet burying ground of Ladwell's Landing.

The night following that day I did what for the last few days I had not done, owing to nervous excitement, I slept.

Perhaps an hour had elapsed when I commenced to dream. My sensations were such as to defy description. I was in some charnel house of the dead. Coffins were ranged in grim order all around me. Some strange instinct craved me to one. I knelt beside it, when suddenly I heard a cry answering to my own. Lamentation. In an instant the coffin lid was removed, and from within it came a body of a young lady who had died of—

I forgot what now—was taken up for the purpose of reinterment in another place. For some reason or other the coffin was opened, and from within it came a body of a young lady who had died of—

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There must have been a look of intense alarm on my face as I confronted Ladwell the second time.

He was still busy with the paper, but he turned from it to listen to me with a conspicuous eagerness.

"I had only to repeat the repetition of my dream."

"I have been thinking since you left me that Edith was at one time given to fainting spells when she was younger," said the doctor, thoughtfully.

"I feel an irresistible impulse governing me, and I shall not rest until I am satisfied that Edith Norris is really dead," I replied.

"But what do you propose to do?" asked Ladwell.

"I shall go direct to her grave, exhumed her and endeavor to restore animation, unless there are unmistakable proofs of her death," I replied.

"Impossible, impossible. You would be lynched in an instant if discovered, and probably I should be implicated."

"Ladwell, for God's sake think what an awful fate it would be for that angel if my dream were true. I appeal to you to help me. I'll go through infernal torment for you if you go," I said.

"I knew Ladwell was soft hearted and would yield so a few minutes later our plans were laid."

"Remember, if we're caught our lives aren't worth a fig, for nobody will believe we are anything but pure and simple body snatchers," said Ladwell.

"I'll do as much for you if I survive it, Ladwell," I said.

A few moments later Ladwell's sociable went rattling up the street, as if his call were rather a serious one, and I noticed that it was just past midnight.

A few seconds later I emerged from the street door and followed it stealthily to the street, looking as I went to discover if any one else was about.

The night was dark, fortunately, and no sign of any one else was visible as I made my way to the quiet burying ground, which lay about five blocks away from the nearest house.

When I arrived Ladwell was awaiting me, his home tethered in the shade of a tree. We took from the sociable a spade, and after some little searching found the grave we were in search of.

Work turns at digging, and while one dug the other watched.

Our task was soon completed.

But, oh! unmitigated horror! no sign of the body was perceptible as we lifted the cold and inanimate form from its sepulcher. I could have sworn that those phantoms of my brain were true.

Ladwell observed my dismay. "Let us hope," he said, "we will try our best."

"Try our best in the face of this?" I said.

"Certainly. If you consent we will apply the magnetic test."

"We must take her away then," I said.

"Certainly."

Half an hour later the body of Edith was within the sociable and the coffin was in the sociable. Ladwell's business covered up the grave was left exactly, to all appearances, as before.

We took our seats, the dead between us. Our course toward the house of the doctor was a circuitous route, but just as we were starting off two or three men, who had evidently been secret watching us, emerged toward the house's head and called on us to surrender.

In an instant the horse sprang forward, and we were dashing along through the darkness at a pace which soon disintegrated our pursuers, who were on foot.

"That is the matter with being too sure," said Ladwell, as we slackened up at the end of our first mile to listen if we were being followed.

There was no indication of it.

No one knew the roads in that locality better than ourselves.

Once or twice I asked Ladwell what he intended doing.

"Leave it to me," was his answer.

At the end of an hour we were again safe in Ladwell's back yard, the horse stabled and our precious burden stretched upon the sofa in Ladwell's private room.

We had escaped by a miracle.

We had no more to say to our last resource. Ladwell was a firm believer in the virtues of the magnet. Not the slightest symptom of life rewarded our minute examination. Still Ladwell seemed hopeful. I had drifted into the deepest despondency. The battery was just placed in motion when the first streak of dawn stole through the blinds.

There was a sound of tramping feet approaching the door, and we both knew that probably our last hour had come.

There is a kind of ritual peculiar among the denizens of the west which brooks no delay.

Judge Lynch speedily decided upon the merits of our case. It was a mere matter of adjusting the rope.

But the sentence was never executed.

While the dreadwork of preparation proceeded in our case, it was a mere matter of adjusting the rope.

Instead of the hempen cord around my neck the arms of Edith Norris were twisted. Retribution is swift and also restitution. We were married on the spot where the sentence of death should have been executed, and today there is only one doctor at Ladwell's Landing. It is Ladwell—H. E. Clamp in New York Mercury.

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According to Law, of its condition on the first day of January, 1888:

ASSETS.

Loans on Bond and Mortgage (for t. lease)	\$8,100.00
Interest due and accrued	2,459.38
United States Bonds, market value	19,596.00
Cash on hand and in bank	9,877.49
	\$319,936.87

LIABILITIES.

Due Depositors, including interest	110,969.08
Surplus	\$9,676.79
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